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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Opera in the Family Hapsburg.

[Continued from page 154.]

So Italian opera alone was known at the Court of Leopold, and in this and in the ballets the highest nobility and even members of the imperial family were often actors in the private performances of the palace. B—r furnishes a list, which he was unable to make complete, as access to certain records was denied him, of such imperial and noble appearances upon the stage.

1661, May 9.—*Il Cico Crescente, in tre Intermezzi, per il Pastor Fido*, music by Bertali. This was given in the park at Laxenburg, near Vienna, on the birthday of Leopold, as introduction to a ballet, in which Carl Joseph, the Emperor's brother, a boy of twelve years, danced.

A performance, Jan. 24, 1667, affords a peep at the splendor of the young monarch's amusements. The occasion was his marriage (on the 12th December previous) with the unmusical daughter of Philip IV. of Spain, his first wife. The piece was "*La Contesa dell' aria e dell' acqua, festa a cavallo*," by Francesco Sbarra, with an equestrian ballet by Carducci, Equerry called from Florence, the operatic music by Bertali, the ballet music by Schmelzer, the whole under direction of the imperial chief Equerry, Count Dietrichstein.

There being no building in which this spectacle could be exhibited, an architect—Passetti—was called to Vienna from Italy, who put up in the principal palace court a temporary structure, sixty feet high, supported on stone columns and arches, with three grand portals and spacious enough for the 5000 spectators, "came from all lands" to witness the performances.

The marvellously poetic idea, which found local habitation in Senor Sbarra's production was this: the two elements Air and Water have a strife (*Contesa*) as to which has the right to engender the pearl—Margaret, the royal bride—and call their brother (or sister, I do not know which) elements, Earth and Fire, to their aid. At first the quarrel is confined to words with musical accompaniment, but at last they seize their weapons and smite each other hip and thigh,—as Samson did the Philistines, before going to dwell upon the rock Etam—until the Gods and the Emperor interfere and put an end to the contest. This ballet was produced by the nobility with fabulous magnificence. There are described in the text book—still preserved—twelve equestrian ballet figures, which the Emperor led in person.—Carl, Duke of Lorraine, was the Air; his ally, Fire, was acted by Count Raimund Montecucoli; Water appeared in the person of the Palatine Count Philip v. Sulzbach, and Count Dietrichstein was Earth. The number of "acting and singing performers" was 38.

Margaret returned to the elements only six years after, dying March 22, 1673; but Leopold comforted himself with the musical Claudia Felicitas on the 15th October following.

1667, June 9. "*Vero amore fa soave ogni fati-*

ca," text and music by Draghi, was an introduction "*ad un nobilissimo ballo di 12 Dame etiope*"; which is all the information I have upon this work.

1669, Feb. 16. "*Chi più sa manca l' intende*," opera in three acts with ballet, music by Draghi. The symphonies and ritornels were by Leopold, who also played the harpsichord part throughout the performance. The names Waldstein—of the famous Wallenstein race—and Mansfeld appear in the list of singers, that of Chilomonseck (queer Italian for Kielmansegg) as 2nd violin. The two unmarried archduchesses, sisters of the Emperor, danced the ballet, to Schmelzer's music.

Same year, Nov. 18. "*Atalante*," drama for music in 3 acts, text by Minato, music by Draghi, performed at the birthday festival of the Emperor's stepmother, Eleonore. At the close, ballet danced by her stepdaughters, archduchesses Maria and Eleonore.

1670, May 9. "*Leonida in Tegea*," drama with ballet, text and music as above, with an air in the 3d act by Leopold, on whose birthday festival the performance took place. Actors and singers were the higher nobility.

1670, Nov. 18. "*La casta Penelope*," musical drama in three acts with ballet; text and music, Minato, and Draghi and Schmelzer; on the birthday of the dowager Empress. The archduchess Eleonore was now deceased, but! Maria as Virtue and four ladies of honor as assistant Virtues danced the ballet in the temple of Virtue.

1671, June. The young Counts Königseck and Wallenstein danced a Sarabande, music by Schmelzer, in honor of the Emperor's birthday.

1671, Nov. 9. "*Cidippe*," musical drama, 3 acts, and ballet, by Minato and Draghi, with airs by Leopold; on the Empress mother's birthday. At the close, archduchess Maria and four ladies of honor represented Diana and nymphs.

1672, Feb. 21. "*Sulpitia*," musical drama and ballet by Minato, Draghi and Schmelzer, on the name-day of the dowager. Archduchess Maria and ladies of the Court represented this time Glory and the heroic virtues.

1672, Feb. 2. "*La Tessalonica*," musical drama, 3 acts, and ballet, by Minato, Draghi and Schmelzer, on the Dowager's birthday; at the close archduchess Maria, Marchesa Trivulzia and four young Countesses performed "Dance of happiness."

1673, Carneval. "*Artemisia*," 3 acts, and 3 ballets, text by Minato, performed by the ladies of the court on the private stage as fast-night amusement.

1674, Nov. 10. "*La nascita di Minerva*," festive piece with ballet, by Minato and Draghi, on the Dowager's birthday, on the private stage. Archduchess Maria and 5 court ladies danced a representation of "Cheerfulness."

1676, June 9. "*Il Seleuco*," musical drama, with ballet, on the Emperor's birthday. The ballet was "The dance of the Morning Star ten early stars outshining," by the archduchess Maria Antonia and ten ladies of the court.

1676, Nov. 22. "*Lo Specchio*," a cantata for 5 voices, by Minato and Draghi, sung by "an Archduchess" and 4 Countesses.

1677, Nov. 18. "*Rodogone*," musical drama, 3 acts, with ballet by Minato and Draghi, performed in the private theatre by the nobility on the Empress mother's birthday. The archduchess Maria Anna with five ladies danced a representation of "Shrewdness" (*Klugheit*).

1680, Nov. 15. The Court was in Linz. In honor of the name-day of the Emperor, the archduchess Maria Josepha and six ladies of the court danced a ballet, music by Schmelzer.

1680, Nov. 24. Prince Louis of Baden and gentlemen of the Court performed a ballet, "*Gli Fentoni*," music by Schmelzer.

1682, Carneval. An introduction, vocal piece, text by Minato, and a gipsy ballet, music by Pederzuoli, performed by the King of Poland, the Duke of Lorraine, and the Empress mother's ladies.

1682, June 9. "*Il sogno delle Grazie*," introduction to a ballet by Minato and Draghi. On the birthday of the Emperor at Laxenburg, performed by archduke Joseph, archduchess Maria Antonia and ladies of the court.

1684, Carneval. "*Finto Astrologo*," with a comedy and ballet, by Minato and Draghi, performed by the nobility.

1685. "The recreations of the female slaves in Samia," an interlude, with German and Italian text by turns, music by Emperor Leopold, and performed by the Empress mother's ladies.

1685, Carneval. "*Scherzo musicale*," in the "manner of a scenic representation;" Minato and Pederzuoli, "chapelmaster of the Empress," performed by the ladies of the Empress.

1685, Carneval. "*Amfitrione*," prologue, by Minato and Draghi, performed by the Emperor's chamberlains.

1686, Carneval. Three pieces are given in B—r's list. "*Musica per una festa*," by Minato and Pederzuoli, performed by archduchess Maria Anna, the Elector Palatine, with ladies and gentlemen of the Court.

Music to a "Comedia" of the "noble ladies of the Court," with alternate German and Italian text, by the Emperor Leopold.

"*Il ritorno di Teseo dal Labarinto di Creta*," introduction to a ballet, by Minato and Draghi; performed by the Elector of Bavaria and ladies of the Court, after Leopold's return from a campaign.

1688, Nov. 15. "*Il Silenzio d' Harpocrate*," musical drama, 3 acts, text and music by Draghi, on the Emperor's name-day, performed by the nobility.

Thus we have reached the date of the English Revolution, and the final expulsion of the Stuarts; and nothing is more natural than to compare the elegant and chaste amusements of the imperial family at Vienna with those of the royal family of England, during the period we have had in review. The former are purely æsthetic—poetry, music

and the dance combine to do honor to the mother or brother, the Empress or Emperor, in illustrating virtue or representing pure subjects from ancient mythology—the fashion of that age. But he, who has had occasion to study the dramatic literature fostered by Charles II. or his brother and successor James, knows what a perfect moral cloaca the English stage was; and not only what filth was uttered in public by actresses, but what filth was written by women themselves for public utterance. I challenge the production of a loose expression in all these works still preserved in the imperial dramatic archives in Vienna. That in the popular German drama of that age there is much which could not now be revived is certain; but it is chaste in comparison with the contemporaneous English drama, and its humor of that kind does not measure its success by the degree of its filth and obscenity.

1689, Carnival. A ballet, music by Schmelzer, danced by the Queen of Poland and other ladies of Court. Airs by the Duke of Lorraine.

1689, Nov. 15. "*L'Harpocrate*" again, performed by the nobility on the Emperor's name-day. Probably the text was re-written, as Minato's name appears.

1690, June 9. "*Scipio conservatore di Roma*," musical drama, 1 act; performed on the Emperor's birthday, by the nobility.

1692, Carnival. "*La chimera*," fantastic drama, 3 acts, by Minato and Draghi, performed by the nobility.

In this piece were ten "singing persons," among whom were:

Cottis, a lunatic of various fantasies.—Count Zernini.

Ace, a female zany of various follies.—Franz Zernini.

Hipparcho, an astrologer.—Count Waldstein.

Arepia, in love, but not believing any thing her lover says.—fräulein Countess Waldstein, &c.

The first ballet was of fishermen, danced by six nobles; the second of herb-women, by seven countesses; the third of negroes, by four nobles, and as many women of high rank.

1690. (?) The first fruits of virtue exhibited in young Cato of Utica. This was a drama in German, but with music and dances. Of the twelve performers, six were children of the Emperor.

Cato—Joseph, aged 15.

Cepio—Carl, in his 7th year.

Portia—Elizabeth, in her 13th year.

Livia—Marianna, in her 10th year.

Julia—Therese, in her 9th year.

Cornelia—Josefa, 6 years old.

1695. Festival music composed by the Emperor, and performed by the archduchesses.

1697, Carnival. "*Musica per la Comedia*," German, Italian and French text alternately, music by the Emperor; performers the archduchesses and ladies.

1697, Nov. "*Sulpitia*" again, but with alterations, and airs by the Emperor, new ballets with music by Hoffer, on occasion of Leopold's name-day.

1697, Carnival. Musical interlude, by Minato and Draghi, "*Se sia più giovevole la fortuna o il merito?*" sung by four ladies. "Confidenza, Speranza, Prudenza, Avertenza,"

1698. "*L'Amazona Corsara*," musical drama, 3 acts; music by Badia, performed by the nobility.

1699, Feb. 28. "*Imenco trionfante*," Serenata, music by Badia.

This "Triumph of Hymen" was produced upon occasion of the marriage of archduke Joseph, in the large court of the imperial palace. Thirteen large open-coaches formed a procession, which, entering the court, drove round and came to a stand in a circle, when the Serenata was performed. Three of these vehicles were very magnificent; the central one conveyed Hymen, Jupiter, Hercules, Juno, Hope, a Good Genius, Youth, Pleasure, Union, and a number of Athenian virgins, who were set at liberty by Hymen. [Why? Because Joseph having taken a wife, they were free to seek husbands?] In the carriage on the right were Apollo, the 17th Century (!) Time, Joy, Leda, Diana, and the four Continents, surrounded by the most celebrated poets [representatives] crowned with garlands. Off the left rode Venus and the Graces, Cupid, Mars, Bacchus and Mercury with Tritons and Nereids. The other ten carriages were full of gods and goddesses, (the singers and orchestra).

Here I would suggest that the term "Serenata," as applied to such works as Handel's "*Acis and Galatea*," may well have had its origin in performances of this kind; for the "Serenata" may be called a short opera, to be performed in costume but without action, precisely the kind of performance, which suited a stage consisting of coaches, in an open court for the theatre. Nor was the Serenata, thus understood, any novelty in Vienna. B—r cites a work, of date 1641, to the following effect:

"Next day there was a magnificent procession; for first came six triumphal cars in the palace court, drawn by small, white ponies, also by bucks and unicorns; on each splendid music, and thereby also trumpets, drums and other instruments were played. Then came Neptune with twelve whales, in which many rustic pipes (*Schalmeien*) were heard. Farther there appeared a garden with flowers and fountains, with Venus, and four mountains, with noble music and in splendid array. The last mountain and procession came to a stop before the windows of her Majesty, and a comedy was performed."

1699, Nov. 15. "*Il Sole; La Fenice, Al Tempo, Musica di Camera*." Text by Cupeda, music by Badia; performed on their father's name-day by "Joseph and his brethren," the archdukes and archduchesses, and gentlemen and ladies of the Court.

1700, Feb. 28. A Prologue to the opera "*Il Demetrio*," performed by Joseph and his wife, and his sisters, the archduchesses.

It would seem that Leopold's daughters were singers, not dancers like his sisters.

1700. "*Diana rappacificata con Venere e con Amore*," musical drama, music by Badia, on the birthday of Joseph's Queen, performed by the nobles with some of the actors of the court theatre.

This closes B—r's list of these private and family performances during the life of Leopold I.

(To be continued.)

Professor Wylde's first Lecture at Gresham College.

From the London Musical World, Dec. 5.

In selecting the theme or thesis of the course of lectures I am about to deliver (the first since my appointment to the office of Lecturer on Music at this time honored College), I have con-

sidered well how it is most in my power to carry out the intentions of its noble founder in establishing these lectureships.

In the absence of any "*lex scripta*," which would have, perhaps, fettered any lecturer and have cramped his remarks within the bounds set to art and science in days gone by, I think some kind of conjecture can be formed as to the views and wishes of one so enlightened as Sir Thomas Gresham, could he now "*viva voce*" supply the wanting instructions.

In some cases where there is no "*lex scripta*" for guide and direction, recourse is had to the "*lex non scripta*" (i.e.), tradition.

But art and science progress so rapidly that the traditional instructions of the founder, were they adhered to, would (perhaps, equally as well as written), rob his gift in the present time of the value and use to which it might be applied.

Reading and expounding certain books in Böthius was, in the time of Sir Thomas Gresham, regarded as the proper course of study for musical university degrees, and it is not improbable that, had any instructions been left by the founder, they would have insisted on the teaching and expounding of these works, which would not have proved very edifying to a general audience.

Being free, therefore, to lecture on any subject connected with music, I intend, bearing in mind the acquirements of the age, to use the privileges of the office to which I am appointed, to discourse on subjects belonging to music as an art and science, according to our views at the present time, in such a manner as may, I trust, be of benefit to those who desire instruction as well as musical recreation. I cannot hope to surpass in style and diction the many learned men who have lectured within these walls, but, as I am one of the few musicians by education who have held the appointment, it is possible the subject of my discourses may be more directly in consonance with the views of the founder.

I find on referring to the list of Professors at this College, that only four out of sixteen who occupied the chair have been acknowledged musicians; the others have been for the most part learned men, such as Dr. Richard Knight, a celebrated physician of his time, and a voluminous writer on every subject except that to which he was appointed in this College, viz., music; Sir Thomas Baynes, the "Fidus Archas" of Sir John Finch, the brother of the famous Heneage Finch, afterwards Earl of Nottingham; the Rev. Dr. Shippen, Principal of Brasenose College, Oxford, &c., &c., &c.—all men doubtless able from their varied accomplishments to lecture on any theme, but less formed on that account to discourse on theoretical subjects. I would here take the opportunity of referring with regret to the loss which not only this College but the musical profession has sustained by the death of the late occupant of this office, one of the few real musicians who have held it. The precept "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*," is one which leads men to eulogize those who have passed away from among us, whether they deserved it or not, according to our standard of excellence; but, it is not in conventional terms that I would speak "in memoriam" of the late Professor Edward Taylor. Nothing which I can say, I am aware, will add to the reputation he has left behind him, but I would record in this place (the scene of some of his labors) that the respect shown him whilst amongst us will cling to his memory now that he is departed, and that his name will continue to be held in respect by those who knew him in his professional capacity and private life.

I will now say some few words about the means by which these lectures may be made popular as well as instructive. A discourse on music, unrelieved by examples or illustrations, and not containing anything beyond a mere disquisition, would, I feel, very soon become uninteresting and wearisome. I wish, however, to make these lectures somewhat different from the kind generally delivered at Literary and Scientific Institutions. The object of most institutions in giving Lectures on Music appears to be to get up a concert, which for the most part consists of music totally unfitted to improve the taste. The pro-

gramme is generally interspersed with anecdotes of composers, their habits and modes of living, in fact, anything likely to amuse and attract a paying public. Now, anecdotes and amusing stories are all very well in their place; but they do not convey instruction, nor, with few exceptions, do the lives of the "sons of song," poetic or musical, contribute any very instructive examples. Geniuses are often very erratic in their worldly proceedings. Extraordinary mental capability for doing one thing well is often accompanied by a "want of judgment" in other things, and by little self-control. But the "eccentricities" of great poets and great musicians should be forgotten, unless introduced in "the works" which they have left behind them, and certainly ought not to be "raked up" as bits of "scandal" and amusement.

Lectures on music consisting of anecdotes and biographical notices have no more to do with instruction in the art than with science, under which name music is allowed to enter into the curriculum of Literary and Scientific Institutions.

Lectures of this kind at all events ought not to be admitted within these walls; here there are no coffers to fill; Art, therefore, need not be lowered for that purpose, but kept upon its high pedestal. If acquaintance is to be made with Art, let it be by exaltation of its admirers, not by bringing it down to a degrading level. The love of a pure and elevated style of Art is not, as it were, indigenous in the mind; it comes by study and reflection, and forms the crowning pinnacle of our civilization. For those engaged in daily occupation, it is not easy to find time to study more than that which brings immediate advantage; it is not easy to learn to appreciate the beautiful in Art. But, I say, let all the time at our disposal be employed in the endeavour to acquire a taste, which, in any art, the more it is cultivated the greater is the pleasure derivable from it. I intend to let the illustrations with which I furnish you be such, as will, I trust, promote this object, as well as illustrate my remarks.

My lecture this evening is on "Form" in musical composition.

The art of composing music is an imitative art; all the great composers owe more or less to their predecessors, although in almost all their works individuality and originality are apparent.

Some are of opinion that the faculty of composing music is a gift bestowed by nature, similar to a good voice, or correct ear; that composers owe everything to what is called genius; that writing in moments of inspiration they produce what is beautiful intuitively, without design, except so far as the will is concerned, and without labor, except as far as it is occasioned by transmitting the ideas received.

Now, I am not going to deny that nature endows some people with a faculty which enables them to become musical composers and withholds that faculty altogether from others. I am not going to deny that musical composers, as well as those otherwise gifted, do sometimes appear to be under some extraordinary influence, which enables them to produce (with apparently little trouble or mental exertion), the sublime and beautiful in a form never before presented, as if it had been revealed to them.

To deny this is to deny the possession of genius at all, and to say that where mental capacities are equal, the same result ensues. No, what I desire to show is, that conceptions of the beautiful are only of use to the patient "Art laborer," to the imitator of the acknowledged forms of musical art, to the thoughtful designer and constructor who designs and constructs after models of known excellence, guided by a taste formed upon the study of what his predecessors had done, and impelled by a sentiment of the mind to give expression to that craving for the new and beautiful, which, like a spirit within him, permits no rest until it has attained it or exhausted itself in the attempt.

Suppose a figure of supernatural beauty presented itself to an accomplished painter or sculptor in a trance; that he had a revelation

of what real beauty in form is; his perfected skill might enable him to produce an embodiment of the beautiful far above any imaginative conception. But of what avail would such a vision be to the comparative unskilled artist? Would not his unpracticed hand fail in power to delineate that which he has seen? And would not his attempt at expression be marked by signs of his own unskillfulness, and have no similarity with the perfect form presented to him? For all purposes of reproduction, he might as well have not seen the vision, and he could no more fix the beautiful figure in enduring colors or material than the early philosophers could the fleeting image in the Camera, before the discovery of photography.

Now, conceptions of the beautiful in music doubtless are not restricted to great creators. Visions of the beautiful may have filled the minds of very unskilled musicians; but if the skill have been wanting to form the outline of its embodiment; if the imitative art be deficient; if the manipulatory power fail; if fettered by the trammels of the art, overwhelmed by its difficulties, the mind lose the impression it received and the conception has been realized, of what use has such a vision or conception been to the musician? For all purposes of communicating pleasure to others, that susceptible musician may as well never have existed; his visions are those which may have wrapt his own soul in *ecstasy*, but not have contributed to the transport of any other. We have many musicians of this kind. I could name many works, in which, amidst a chaos of ideas and ill-constructed forms, a feeling of the beautiful is discoverable, and the composers of which, better art, more acute observation and study of acknowledged masterpieces might have enabled to take rank far above their present condition, and perhaps have urged on to accomplish things destined to enduring fame.

Believe me then, there is no mystery in musical composition; it results from a study of form, and is an art that can be imparted like all other arts; and the power of acquirement varies, as well as all other powers of the human mind in different people; but the conception of the "beautiful," the longing desire and cravings of the soul for that which is unseen, for a taste of that true beauty of which it is only allowed occasional glimpses: this power and these emotions cannot be communicated. Whence they proceed and how they arise is as unintelligible as any other problem of the Psychologists, and will ever remain so; consequently Art cannot make a poet-musician, but Art can make the pen ready to depict the beautiful, when it presents itself to his imaginative faculties, and he feels desire to give expression, to those emotions and sentiments which, as they are not always active within him, are pure inspirations or revelations of the beautiful.

I have said the art of composing music is an imitative art, but the imitation practised is not like that in the sister arts of Painting and Sculpture. In sculpture, the artist seeks to represent or imitate in marble well known and admired forms and features, or forms and figures of such beautiful properties as seldom or never are found existing in one natural object, but which by imitating the separate beauties of many, he unites into one form of more than ordinary beauty. In painting, the imitation of nature is not so direct; the subject to be represented is idealized and the effect of reality is produced, not by an exact copy of nature, but by that representation of it which cheats the imaginative faculties into a belief that what is represented to the eye is a reality, not a delusion. In both arts, however, the imitation practised is that of nature. Now, in musical compositions by the great masters, there is neither a direct nor idealized representation of nature practised, (except in some few exceptional cases, such as in Beethoven's Pastoral symphony, where the notes of the quail, nightingale and thrush are introduced); but the imitation is confined to that of conventional forms of construction and design, which have grown up from very meagre outlines to their present elaborate dimensions. Unity

and propriety of form are two especial attributes of the beautiful. In imitating conventional forms of construction and design these attributes are ensured; hence the desirability of attaining excellence in the imitative branch of the art.

(To be continued.)

The Monster Organ.

From the Washington Star.

We reprint from a Washington contemporary the following admirable and valuable addition to the literature of musical criticism:

Boston has been greatly excited lately over the inauguration at the Music Hall in that city, of the largest organ in the world, built expressly for "the hub" by Welcher, of Wurtemberg.

The pressure of war news has prevented us heretofore from noticing the organ of organs in appropriate terms, but we now propose to give the readers of the Star some idea of the powers of the "great instrument." We make up our account from the Boston papers and magazines, taking the precaution, of course, to prune down their partial and doubtless high-colored statements to the bounds of credibility.

This monster organ, then, is equal in power to a choir of six thousand throats. Its longest wind-pipes are two hundred and thirty-five feet in length, (requiring the erection of a tower for their special accommodation), and a full sized man can crawl readily through its finest tubes. Eight hundred and ninety stops produce the various changes and combinations of which its immense orchestra is capable. Like all instruments of its class, it contains several distinct systems of pipes, commonly spoken of as separate organs, and capable of being played alone or in connection with each other. Four manuals or hand keyboards, and two pedals or foot keyboards, command these several systems—the solo organ, the choir organ, the swell organ and the great organ, and forte pedal organ.

Dr. Holmes (O. W.) says it was at first proposed to move the sixty-five pairs of bellows, designed to fill the monster instrument, by water-power derived from the Cochituate reservoirs, but it has been found more convenient to substitute two nine-horse power self-regulating Ericsson engines as motive power. Dr. Holmes states that these engines keep an even stroke and work admirably. He adds that no description will do justice to this stupendous instrument.

It requires six able-bodied organists to manipulate this immense musical machine; and those engaged at the inauguration at the Boston Music Hall were J. K. Paine, organist of West Church, Boston; Eugene Thayer, of Worcester; B. J. Lang, of the Old South Church; Dr. Tuckerman, of St. Paul's Church; J. H. Willcox, of the Church of the Immaculate Conception; and G. W. Morgan, of Grace Church, New York. They were selected with reference to avoirdupois as well as musical qualifications, their weight ranging as follows:

Paine,	180
Thayer,	200
Lang,	175
Tuckerman,	213
Willcox,	192
Morgan,	245

Total. 1225

When in the grand crescendo passages these six organists rose simultaneously from their seats, and receded a couple of paces, rushed forward in line, throwing their collective weight of over twelve hundred pounds upon the pedals, the musical explosion—for by no other name can it be designated—was terribly grand.

Through inadvertence the roof trap-doors of the Music Hall had not been raised, and the first effect of this great detonation of sound was to lift the heavy tin roof from the wall sockets some fifteen feet into the air, holding it suspended there until the immense volume of sound had forced a passage beneath it.

It is proposed to avert similar accidents by placing an immense sound-escape chimney over the Music Hall, after the style of the draught chimney to a furnace; but Dr. Holmes, who has given much attention to acoustics, suggests, perhaps not altogether seriously, that the condensed sound thus vented may fall upon the city in solid chunks, doing damage.

Outside the building the effects were quite as remarkable. It was noticed that the spires of the different churches in the city vibrated over an area of several degrees, the weather-vanes upon them dipping and oscillating in the most singular manner, from the same cause. The walls of houses throughout the city were sensibly shaken, furniture displaced, &c., causing many timid persons to rush to the street, thinking it an earthquake.

In the towns immediately adjoining Boston the concussion was also supposed to be an earthquake. At Newburyport it was thought that the sound indicated a heavy naval engagement off Boston Harbor. At Salem a jarring concussion and report was experienced, resembling in sound a heavy burden train passing over a trestle work bridge. At Jamaica Plain it was thought to proceed from a thunder storm in the direction of Boston, and, curiously enough, the barometer fell several degrees at that point; and the same fact was noticed at Natick, Lynn, and as far distant as Taunton.

The water receded from Boston harbor in a wave of considerable magnitude, and in its retrograde and return swamped, stranded and keeled over several vessels, doing no little damage to the commercial interests.

Gold fish in globes, and fish of all kinds in aquaria, were instantly killed; and what, for a time, was unexplainable, was the fact that they sank immediately, until it was ascertained by Dr. Holmes that their bladders had been burst by the concussion; when, of course, being minus their floating apparatus, they went down like lead. Dr. Holmes states also the remarkable fact that numerous dead bodies of drowned persons were brought to the surface in the harbor and in Charles River by the same concussion. A singular effect was produced by the pulsation of sound from the crescendo detonation passing along the telegraph lines from Boston in various directions, and which travelled a distance of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred miles over some wires, or until considerable bodies of running water were encountered, over which, for some unexplainable cause in acoustics, the Æolian tone—which is described as a wild, uncanny wail—would in no instance pass. Dr. Holmes humorously notes that the same fact is recorded of witches—i. e., that they cannot pass over streams of running water! Another curious feature of this phenomenon was the fact that musical tones swelled and contracted in regular crescendos and diminuendos at equal intervals along the wires. Thus at Worcester, which is forty-five miles from Boston, the sound was barely perceptible, while at Springfield, just double the distance, the tone approached to a shriek in volume.

Dr. Holmes thus explains this interesting fact. It is well known among musicians that the vibrations upon the strings of a violin, harp or any stringed instrument, do not take the shape of a single pulsation with its maximum expansion at the centre of the string, but are divided along the string, in numerous smaller pulsations or crescendos, crossing each other at regular diminuendo intervals, at which latter points the string is nearly or quite motionless. The knowledge of this curious law of vibration readily affords a solution, says Dr. Holmes, to the mystery of the telegraphic crescendo freaks noticed.

Dr. Holmes, who, in company with Mayor Lincoln, a delegation of the Boston city council, and a body of leading savans of the Harvard persuasion, made an interesting pedestrian tour through some eight or ten miles of the main pipes of the monster organ before it was set up, has written a graphic description of the trip, and of the organ as a whole. The party found no difficulty in walking quite erect through at least six miles of the major pipes, and got through the smaller Æolian tubes quite comfortably on their hands and knees. His description of the great instrument has appeared in book form under the *apropos* title of "Soundings from the Atlantic."

Joseph Mayseder.

Joseph Mayseder was born on the 26th October, 1789, and died on the 21st November 1863.† He was a musical and characteristic original, whose peculiarities cannot well be understood, except by those who scanned him very nearly indeed—a characteristic original, looking so simply and unaffectedly into the world that people fancied that they had summed him up at the first glance—and yet, on the other hand, presenting so many contradictions in his qualities as a man and as an artist, that the observer could not deny he stood before an unsolved psychological riddle. Whoever saw the unpretending old gentleman, without knowing him, would have taken him for an ordinary member of the honorable guild of tailors or grocers. Whoever spoke to him, and in answer to every thing that was said, received an answer hardly any thing beyond a friendly and assenting smile, or the ever-ready assurance, "Yes, yes, I thought so; that is exactly my opinion," must have considered him as a perfectly insignificant personage; and whoever witnessed his nervousness in his social and artistic relations, must certainly have put him down as the arch-representative of Viennese musical snobism.

Immediately, however, the quiet, nervous little

† *Recessions*.

man had his instrument in his hands, immediately the clear tone of his violin was heard, people forgot the man to think only of the artist, who had, perhaps, now and then, a little touch of old Vienna about him, it is true, but who, notwithstanding, was a first-class violinist, whose performances, full-toned, harmonious, rounded and easy, like all that is artistically perfect, delighted his eagerly attentive hearers.

Mayseder's tone was not particularly great, but it was full, round, and as clear as a bell, while his manual skill was marked by irreproachable neatness, and that unflinching certainty which executes without a single fault all it has once undertaken, because it never undertakes any thing that it is not convinced it can perform. His conception was not alone always simple, unaffected, natural, and free from aught like mannerism, but interpreted with a noble fervor, and inspired with an inimitable grace, which, to judge from Mayseder's appearance and behavior, no one would have supposed he possessed.

Mayseder's sphere of action was never extended beyond the Austrian frontier—scarcely, indeed, beyond the ramparts of Vienna. In that capital, however, his efforts were fully appreciated and unquestioned. At the Vienna Congress, and even more during the period from 1820 to 1830, he frequently appeared as a concert-player, sometimes alone, and sometimes with the popular violoncellist Merk, or with the well-known *virtuoso* on the guitar, Giuliani. At that epoch he composed a large number of gracefully brilliant solo-pieces, trios, quartets with the piano, variations, serenades, etc. During the latter half of his life, he withdrew more and more nervously from publicity, playing as a rule, only as first violin in the Imperial orchestra, as soloist in operas and ballets, and as a quartet-performer in private circles. As a quartetist, he had, under Schuppanzigh's guidance, acquired, at an early age, a pure, elevated style, which, combined with his natural artistic qualities, adapted him, above all, for executing in perfection the quartets of Haydn. In this capacity, he was, and ever will be, a model for all who heard him. Next came his rendering of his own works, as well as those of Spohr, Mozart, and the "first" Beethoven. For the "later" Beethoven he wanted grandeur and passion, and sometimes the true dash of expression, and for the "latest" Beethoven inclination and comprehension besides. Of modern composers, he played Mendelssohn, though he was not especially fond of that master; he was not the man to introduce new works. His rendering of old compositions, above all of Haydn's, as we have already mentioned, produced an agreeable, a refreshing, and an artistically-purifying impression.

With Mayseder, consequently, there has sunk into the grave a specimen of true artistic worth, and, at the same time, a portion of that old Vienna, partly genial, and partly snobbish, which now will probably form a portion of History, for it will hardly ever be resuscitated in a similar shape. May, however, all that was good and beautiful done by these individual representatives of the art of old Vienna be preserved in our words and our writings, as well as in the memory of all lovers of art, as a valuable legacy, so that it may still exert its influence beyond the grave, encouraging, fructifying, and purifying, as a model to be imitated, as a symbol of genuine style, and as the fundamental thought of that serious training which the present generation so greatly needs.

Berlioz's New Opera, "Les Troyens."

"Spiridon," in a letter to the *Evening Gazette*, translates several opinions; among others this:

Here are the criticisms of Mons. d'Ortigue: "Is it not a strange thing that a musician who has been classed for five-and-twenty years, and who, it must be confessed, proclaimed himself five-and-twenty years ago among the romantic and *fantaisistes* composers, should have selected for his definite work, a subject borrowed from the pure, classical order? There are in Mons. Berlioz's mind two great objects, which have been for him the two great sources at which he has alternately drawn the inspirations of his art. In his earlier manhood he became possessed of a sincere passion for Shakespeare, whom nobody understands and has more completely at the finger's ends. But there remained in his breast of the school studies of his youth a scarcely inferior passion for Virgil, whom he knows by heart. So much for his poetical masters. As for his musical masters, we may, perhaps, find here the analogy of the same contrasts. Every body knows Mons. Berlioz's tendencies and predilections, and he does not conceal them. To an ardent admiration for Beethoven and Weber, in instrumental music, who represent, or who formerly represented, in his opinion, modern and romantic musical genius, he joins a not less ardent admiration for Gluck and for Spontini in lyrical music, and they

represent in his opinion antique and classical musical genius. I know Mons. Berlioz thoroughly. An artist, a musician, a critic, a judge of his powers cannot misprize the immense value of men like J. S. Bach, Haydn, Mozart and Rossini. I name these only. He admires them, but this admiration evidently occupies in Mons. Berlioz's mind a secondary rank only; it is, so to say, an intellectual admiration, which, except certain works or certain pieces of these authors which spontaneously excite his sympathetic fibres, does not rise above an intellectual imagination, but leaves his imagination and heart calm; while for Gluck, Spontini, Beethoven and Weber, this admiration is almost always raised to enthusiasm, although I hasten to say, it is always the result of reflection and of criticism. Such is Mons. Berlioz's nature. . . . Mons. Berlioz has not considered whether an antique subject suited well with our contemporary theatrical tastes and usages; nor whether the subject of Æneas and Dido, which, notwithstanding repeated attempts, has never hitherto been successful on the stage, offered real chances of success. No, he has not reckoned all these things. He felt that this picture of Dido's loves and misfortunes might inspire the musician that is in him and he wrote his 'book.'

. . . I do not mean to pretend that *Les Troyens* is a work without fault. It contains real, nay, considerable faults. The recitatives and the airs are too often confounded together in it; the airs in it wear the mien of the recitative and reciprocally; in both the accompaniment is sometimes overloaded; the abruptness and harshness of some modulations may be noticed; we may point out a phraseology which is sometimes laborious and inverted, and want of connection between the periods of a piece; we expect in vain a transition which isolates these periods while at the same time it connects them together; we may regret the accumulation of accords on measures which require only one, so that the ear, disconcerted, loses the sentiment of tonality, feels the clue escape from it, and this clue would often be a single note, one holding note. We could desire more simplicity in an antique subject. It may be seen that I am far from wishing to attenuate the defects of this score, and Mons. Berlioz himself provokes this critical examination by the minute care he has given to all the details of expression. But at the same time what accents! what constant elevation! what respect for truth! what beautiful lyric declamation! And what an admirable orchestration! Alternately brilliant, profound, colored, varied, impetuous, poetical and always sonorous, while remaining sober and discreet! But one must not go to hear *Les Troyens* with one's ears full of Italian caulettes and the filling formula of the vaudeville school of the Opera-Comique. . . . Let Mons. Berlioz know this: He shall never taste repose on earth; he belongs to those men of talents destined to struggle gloriously all their life long. His perseverance, his talents, his ideas of the true, the noble and the beautiful, his firm conviction are the qualities which, despite some differences of doctrines and opinions, attached me thirty years ago to Mons. Berlioz's fortunes, and made me, a pure classic, follow him in all the phases of his composer's career; happy, having reached an age when a now long experience brings me back more and more to the study and the love of the old masters, to give to the great victorious artist a new proof of a friendship which honors me and which I have, perhaps, the right to call foreseeing as well as disinterested and devoted.

Fine Arts.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Late Collection of Pictures at the Athenæum.

Those who have lingered in London, in the season, must remember the delight of the British Institution in Pall Mall, which from year to year gathers the finest things in England, and England is the richest country in Europe, except Italy, in the old Art. They are the contributions from private collections in London and the neighborhood, and dispersed with the end of the season after three months exhibition. The selection is varied annually. May we not indulge the hope that some similar scheme may be inaugurated here; and if on a scale necessarily of less importance and value, of more need to the artistic culture of New England. Are we to be behind the English in liberality and public spirit? Is our Art education to be entirely neglected when there are means at hand to improve and extend it? We trust not; but

let it be said, without fear of contradiction from the discerning, that the knowledge of Art here, and feeling for it, are out of all proportion backward, and behindhand, when compared with the general intellectual advancement and culture of the community, and its relish for the æsthetic in other directions, as in music, gardening, architecture, books, and their adornments. The collection just dispersed alas! too quickly, for its adequate effect upon the public taste and feeling, was, no doubt, the rarest and best ever brought together in this city, and perhaps in the country, when we consider the variety of periods and countries; the styles and schools represented—if not in all cases adequately—yet very fairly and pleasingly. With a rapid review, too hasty, glancing and imperfect to be satisfactory, or in any degree appreciative, just, or critical, within the limits of this article, let us, for the present attend, to the teaching one notable picture may afford us; for we cannot hope to particularize the varied excellence that was here assembled. One object, well attended to, and exhausted, is better than many glanced at, and confused, leaving kaleidoscope impressions in the mind, of no value to our education.

Every one must have noticed, as you entered the inner room, the striking portrait, by the door, of Epes Sargent, 1756, by Copley; done in such a strong, and manly, but we venture to think, mistaken manner. In one sense the more real a thing is in Art the worse it is; for reality is not a function of art; and it would be a mistake to suppose that this portrait is in a high, or true style of painting. It affects reality, but flesh and blood, in consequence, look like a casting of steel, slightly tinted. No warm blood would flow and no celestial ichor; no life be extinguished, were he wounded—that steel-cold man: nor could he wink, or fold his hands, for they are rigid as ice. In short, this is a very clever and plausible untruth in art; else was Denner, who was never excelled for reality, a greater painter than Titian.

Looking more carefully, and truthfully at nature, we find flesh has softness, texture of life, transparency; and absorbs light and transmits it; is transfused with glow and luminous quality; humid with perspiration, and surface tenderness, and the indescribable result of organization; a play of light, and subtle change, and palpitation, or livingness, which this hard handling does not render, and any painting can but suggest, and faintly give. We have but a part of nature here, roughly approximated—form—but not the most delicate and exquisite quality. Flesh painting is one of the subtlest things in art and most difficult.

It cannot be too much insisted on, that Art is suggestion and abstraction; that it is not its province to achieve the impossible—reality—which nature has done in an infinite way before her;—nor the semblance of reality. It is a subtle abstraction of qualities, and impressions, which please the artistic sense, and refined imaginings, and feelings of the soul: a record of the impression exterior nature—the objective—makes on the inner nature of man, the artistic sense and soul—the subjective. If reality were the function of Art, its use would cease; for have we not nature about us in sky, and field, and leaf, and flower, and tree, and the human face divine; and cannot we step out any day, or turn round any moment, and behold these. Should we then go to dull paint and canvas for a "counterfeit presentment." Would not Art be a senseless, tame thing, if it were only the transcript of nature, if that were possible, or even a clever illusion. Are we, and our essence, and interior selves something different from nature, or are we material and external, like much of Art as it is, and as far as it goes; or have we souls and feeling, and is it a nicer and nobler point to record their manifestations and moods? No, Art is greater than nature, as Goethe said; and it is of the soul, or higher being—a subjective, and yet an objective thing; like man himself, compounded of two natures, soul and body;

founded in truth, but uniting in itself the spiritual as well as the material, of which the universe is composed. It has soul—feeling—in it, or it is nothing worth. To reproduce nature by pigments, and on flat canvas; or in cold, hard marble is impossible. Then is it not what we can do, to fix our fleeting souls, our finest perceptions, insights and feelings in her presence; her inspiration, and the emotion she excites? As perspective and drawing, are not space or matter; but the abstraction, the mind and eye make, to represent them; but they must be true to nature—objectively founded—subjectively done. Moreover, art is the impression of the higher and keener, and instructed, or trained senses, and gifted souls, which get more out of reality than the common faculties and ignorant, can perceive, or are constituted to feel and represent. It is a sad failure, and a perverted strife with nature, when reality is attempted; a false direction, and a low standard and aim, and at once ceases to be high art, which is essentially spiritual, ideal, though derived from and depending upon nature, and founded rigidly on its laws—its higher laws. It must not in its wildest, fancifullest flights and most aspiring creations, overstep this modesty of nature, but possess and exhibit a verisimilitude, without which, it is vain extravagance and personal conceit, tawdry and conventional *fiasco*.

Some artists are essentially creative; but they must have this verisimilitude. Such was Michael Angelo, who transcended nature; and left in his superhuman conceptions, too vast in significance to be finished, the record of a soul which despised the petty limits of mortality, and leaving the ignorant present behind him, aspired to the function of creator. Curious littleness which can see nothing in him but extravagance and monstrosity, vulgar strength. Such was Shakespeare in Caliban and the Tempest, the witches, the Ghost; and Lear, in his passion, like a god, apostrophizing nature. Such was Rubens, endowing ancient myths with a new life; and Keats, and the painter of that little group of Satyrs in the late exhibition; and such is Beard in his comic drama of the bears. Such in music is Beethoven, who, ever to our feeling and apprehension, is as the recreation of a world after chaos. We recognize the elements; we never knew them so combined. Alchemist, archmage, enchanter, this potent chemist is as Shelly called Byron,

"The Pilgrim of Eternity."

Such is Gustave Doré, in his wonderful interpretations of nature, and the weird and imaginative. Such eminently was Dante.

It is no doubt given to the highest minds to create, but it must be out of nature as we find her, and no false metal. It must be the true material, worked up and touched by the master and creative hand; no theatrical, melodramatic, conventional, academic and extravagant counterfeit. No false sublime, or pedantry, and academy, as in some German work; no material sublime, seeking to achieve the immaterial, by accumulation of parts. The infinite and sublime are to be subtly suggested, felt, and indicated; not delineated, and elaborated, and made out obviously, else are they a *caput mortuum*.

Ball's Statue of Washington.

[Correspondence of the Round Table]

Boston, December, 1863.

The last great fair held in Boston before the present, was that, I think, four years ago, in aid of the fund to give Ball a commission for a statue of Washington. After conscientious labor, the small equestrian model which was then exhibited has grown into a colossal plaster image, considerably modified in contour and detail, and now nearly completed for the founder. Mr. Ames of the Chicopee Works gives, I believe, no hopes of being able to undertake it, as long as the present war demands so largely of his foundry, and as at least a year and a half must elapse after the plaster is cut up and put into his hands before he can present us with the completed bronze, it is likely to be some years yet before it will find its permanent position.

Mr. Ball intended the work to be just the size of Brown's in Union square, N. Y.; but in working it up to a state of finish, he has exceeded that by a few inches. The horse is a powerful animal, as light in shape as a war horse is allowed to be, and the artist has laboriously fashioned him, working from living models, casts (some of his own making), and photographs. He is reined in to a stand still, and taken before all his feet are fixed to the ground. Washington sits erect, dressed as a general, his eye peering into the distance as if watching some manœuvre of his troops, the point of his drawn sword fallen upon the wrist of the bridle hand, as if, having pointed out with it a direction to an aid, it had dropped while his attention was riveted, and thus found a resting-place which enabled the artist to give the needful repose a statue should have. The head of Washington is a noble one, and is based upon Houdon's, undoubtedly the most authentic, and in the opinion of the venerable Josiah Quincy, the only one where resemblance has not been made dubious by the idealizing trick of the artist. Mr. Ball has not, however, neglected to study thoroughly the head by Stuart, now in the Boston Athenæum.

The entire effect of the composition, as it now stands in the spotless white of plaster, is very gratifying. The artist has had the advantage of a sufficiently large and lofty room to build it up in, one which he had erected purposely, with proper lights, and a turn-table, which enables him to present every aspect of it to varying light. It has been a pleasure to see the conception come forth under his tools, and these, I may say, are seemingly very rude—not that they are not the very things he wanted, which they doubtless were. The ordinary implements for moulding in clay were, of course, unfit for the material he worked in. There was first a framework of iron bars, following the curves of the legs of the horse, projecting for the neck and head. Then wisps of hay, or some such material, were put in a bulk, till a rude resemblance of the horse was formed. The structure was now ready for the rough splashes of moist plaster, and the shape acquired with using mere pieces of iron hoop for scrapers, or smaller implements of almost as rude construction, of this or the other curve, or varying in the shape of point; or with rough files, looking much like a boy's bat, set thick with screws imbedded to their heads at an angle. Then, when the horse was about completed, I saw it one day with wisps of hay hanging on each flank; these again became the legs of the rider, and upon this rose the body, and finally came the minute care that scratched away, and scratched away, till every detail came out perfect. It is not yet definitely settled by the committee having it in charge where the statue will be placed. There could hardly be a better place for it, however, than the public garden, directly opposite the opening of Commonwealth avenue.

Mr. Ball has now in hand the small model of Forrest as Coriolanus, which some of that actor's friends have ordered. He has already moulded the tragedian's head, and takes the two with him to Italy in the spring, there to set up the model in life-size, and superintend its transmission into marble.

Every time I go into his studio I regret that nothing has been done with the statuette of Allston, which he brought back as one of the fruits of his Italian study when he returned seven or eight years ago. The contemplative artist sits in his loose robe, with some of the insignia of his art beside him, half rapt in look, much as if considering the maxim that comes so forcibly to every true artist's mind, "Life is short and art is long." This model is worthy of being put into permanence. It ought to adorn some spot where a society that he did so much to elevate may have a constant recognition of one so lofty, so pure, so enduring. Mr. Ball knew Allston in the happy artistic relation of almost filial reverence. The great painter was a man that bade a young artist God-speed heartily and yearningly. His good nature could even brook youthful arrogance; but Mr. Ball was not a man to be guilty of what another, notoriously if not worthily, known in art circles was. He took his instruction devotedly, and has lovingly embodied his reverence in his ideal of the man.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 9, 1864.

Music of the Holidays.

The old year went out and the new year came in full of music. From Christmas Eve to Twelfth Night there has hardly been an evening without its concert; and it is flood-tide still. True, with

all these temptations we have missed the syren voice of all, the Symphony; we have had no orchestral concert; and, as we have said before, not all the charms of organ, opera, oratorio, string quartet or piano can fill up the vacuum one feels in the absence of the Orchestra performing in its own right and not as mere accompaniment. But we live in hope. If the effect of this one year's privation might only be to give us twice as large and twice as good an orchestra another year, it would be a small price to pay for it. Meanwhile the heterogeneous multitude of musical performances since our last issue is bewildering to any purpose of a fair and full review. Even to hear all has been impossible; to remember and digest all that has been heard, not less so; and still more it is impossible, within our limits, to speak of all that really left a clear impression. He who can listen to all the music that is made in such a season, must have long ears, and not critical. We will put down here such slight record as we can.

CHRISTMAS ORGAN CONCERTS. First in order came three concerts with the Great Organ, on Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 23, on Christmas Eve, and on the evening of Christmas. These drew fair audiences by varied programmes and a return to the old popular price of fifty cents. The selections on Wednesday were these:

1. Prelude for the Organ.....Sechter.
Followed by the first two "Commandments" from "Mt. Sinai.".....Neukomm.
2. Flute Concerto, Adagio Allegretto.....Bink.
3. "Benedictus"—(Mass in G.).....Weber.
4. Organ Fantasia.....S. P. Tuckerman.
Introducing the "Russian Hymn" and "God save the Queen."
1. Sonata in D. (Maestoso, Andante, Fugue Maestoso).....Mendelssohn.
Hesse.
2. Prelude in C Minor.....Handel.
Followed by "The Dead March in Saul."
3. Overture to "Egmont".....Beethoven.

The performers were Dr. S. P. TUCKERMAN and Mr. B. J. LANG. The former gave a good taste of the large and satisfying quality of the full organ in the pieces by Sechter and Neukomm; the first a composition of considerable interest, the second consisting mainly of effects of full plain chords; and we confess when we cannot have a real polyphonic organ composition à la Bach, we like next best to fall back on passages of full plain harmony; for in each chord there are so many voices blended in a great Organ, that the listener is free to imagine all sorts of fascinating fugal complications. The sweet Weber *Benedictus* he illustrated with appropriate stops very acceptably. His Fantasia on National airs was not much to our taste. In the second part he gave us a respectable specimen of the compositions of the celebrated Breslau organist. Hesse, who died but recently, and renewed ("by request") the sensation once before produced by the pedal thunder in the solemn march from "Saul." Of Mr. LANG's three selections we have spoken before. It was good to hear the Mendelssohn Sonata again, the same which made so fine an impression at the "Inauguration;" it sounded even better this time. Mr. Lang is more and more at home among the stops and couplers, and works them together with fine tact.

On Christmas Eve the first part was played by Mr. THAYER of Worcester, as follows:

1. Christmas Offertorium.....Battiste.
2. Andante from Sixth Sonata.....Mendelssohn.
3. Fugue in G minor.....Bach.
4. Offertoire.....Battiste.
5. Trumpet Chorus from "Samson".....Handl.
6. Marche du Sacre from Le Prophete.....Meyerbeer.

The first Offertoire was jubilant; we liked it better than the second, which had been played

at the School Children's Festivals. The Bach Fugue was not the great one in G minor which we have heard before; it was a shorter one and yet a very fine one and finely played. The trumpets sang out lustily in the "Samson" chorus. The Mendelssohn Andante was a good acquisition to our list of real organ music, while the march from the *Prophete* was nothing of the kind. The young organist won much praise by his execution.

Part II. was by Mr. J. K. PAINE.

1. Christmas Music:—(Selections from the Messiah.)
a. Chorus, "For unto us a child is born." b. Pastoral Symphony. c. "Glory to God" and "Amen" Chorus Handel.
2. Air and Chorus.....Gluck.
3. Toccata in F.....Bach.
4. Vivace from Trio Sonata in G.....Bach.
5. Variations and Fugue on the "Star Spangled Banner".....J. K. Paine.

It did not seem to us that those "Messiah" choruses suited the organ so well as they did the season; yet many passages told very grandly. The adaptation from Gluck, given in the full, round "organ tone" (diapasons, principals, flutes, &c., without reeds and fancy stops), was just of the right quality for simple honest organ music. The magnificent Toccata in F was splendidly played and won loud and warm applause; these are the things whose power is sure to be more and more felt as the ear grows familiar with them; here was progress in the listeners since that opening concert! The quick movement from the Bach Sonata, too, with softer stops, was charming. Mr. Paine's Variations and Fugue have come under notice more than once before; he has earned this credit in his treatment of such popular themes, that what he writes is real composition, polyphonic, having unity and development, in true organ style.

The third of these concerts we were not able to attend, and can only give the programme:

The programme contained for novelties, the Allegro of Concerto No. 1, in G, by Bach, and the "Midsummer Night's Dream" overture, played by Mr. LANG; *Exaudi nos*, Mozart, *Gloria* from Haydn's 15th Mass, and *Eia mater*, Rossini played by Dr. TUCKERMAN.

Messrs. KREISSMANN, LEONHARD and EICHBERG gave their second Soirée at Chickering's on Saturday evening, Dec. 26; and there was such an audience both in numbers and in character, as nothing but the real zest of the preceding soirée could have drawn. There is the certainty of something stimulating to the finer sense in the announcements of these artists. The programme was as choice as it was new, each piece yielding fresh and keen enjoyment.

1. Sixth Sonata for Violin, (Op. 5,) in A major, A. Correlli.
(1700,) with Piano Accompaniment. Grave, Allegro, Toccata, Adagio, Allegro.
2. Aria.....S. Bach.
(Piano Arrangement by R. Franz.)
3. Sonata, for Violin and Piano, (Op. 96) in G major, Beethoven.
Allegro moderato, Adagio espressivo, Scherzo, Poco Allegretto.
4. { a. Am Meer. }
b. Aufenthalt. } F. Schubert.
c. Die Post. }
5. Scherzo, (Op. 39,) in C sharp minor, Chopin.
6. No. 2 and 3, from (Op. 121.) Schumann.

The enjoyment of the Corelli Sonata, however, was chiefly that of curiosity. Interesting for its quaintness, and by comparison with things in like form by his contemporaries Bach and Handel. Of the latter you detect characteristic features in his Italian older brother. Compared with the *Suites* and *Sonatas* of Bach and Handel, the movements here are very short and humble flights; but there is an honest heartiness about them; no sickly sentimentality or nonsense; and

you see that they knew how to play the violin in those days, and it takes a good artist like Mr. Eichberg to do the old piece justice now. The Toccata is a very slight and momentary freak compared to Bach's Toccatas. The final Allegro we found really interesting.

Thanks, hearty thanks to the singer who has the will, and who has taken the pains to be able, to initiate us at all into the incomparable sacred vocal music by Sebastian Bach! And such a singer is our excellent Kreissmann. The Aria, as he sang it with Mr. Leonhard's fine rendering of the difficult accompaniment, plainly made a deep impression; few liked to let it pass with a single hearing. It is a song of thanksgiving, introduced by a few phrases of that marvellous recitative in which Bach is as much the master of masters as he is in counterpoint; every phrase, every interval, every sustaining chord is fraught with meaning and with feeling, and speaks to the soul. Gluck and Mozart are great in this art.—this expressive, not dry technical art, mind you—but Bach will be acknowledged even greater when he is known as well. The words are: *But one of them, when he saw that he was healed, turned round and praised God with a loud voice, &c.* Mr. K. gave it in German, with fine voice and accent, with all the nobility of style and feeling of the music. The Aria itself was sung as it should be, and that is ascribing very high and rare qualities to the singer; for a singer has learned more of the truest vocal art in mastering one of these arias, than he could perhaps in the whole repertoire of modern Italian opera. The melody, quite different from the common cut of melodies, and yet none the less melody because it is inseparably intertwined with the parts or voices in the polyphonic accompaniment, is so broadly laid out, moves with such long reaches of rhythm, is so lofty and sustained in style, so closely wedded always to the thought and feeling of the words and to their very sound, so free from the hacknied cadences of modern song, that one must be indeed an artist to deliver it with ease and grace, as well as fervor, so as to make its beauty felt. This Mr. Kreissmann did, and we only hope that he will do it again for us and often. There will be no lack of lovers for such music, let it once become familiar.

The Beethoven Sonata was a new revelation of the same unmistakable genius, known to us in so many works of his, yet new in every one. There is a rare subtlety and fineness in the musical ideas of this Sonata; so naturally and simply are they treated, each point, each phase in the development, each unexpected, welcome return so felicitous and beautiful, that it seems a purely spontaneous product of imagination. And yet it is full of the most cunning mastery of practised art. We found particularly charming the first movement. What a fascinating little *motive* it sets out with! just a quaint phrase of four notes playfully flung out by the violin, but so strangely novel, so challenging to the best art and fancy of such a composer to work it out into a poetic whole! The *Scherzo*, again, is in an admirable humor, thoroughly original and charming, and the *Finale*, beginning with quite a common sounding rondo melody, as is Beethoven's way sometimes, yet proceeding to develop latent possibilities such as no other would have dreamed of! Eichberg and Leonhard played it to a charm. We know not when the former has played with

such absence of anything like exaggeration, such chaste purity of style, in addition to his other excellencies.

The Schubert songs were of the best and sung in Mr. Kreissmann's best style and voice. The *Scherzo* by Chopin had not been heard before in any of our concert rooms; one of the most impassioned and most full of meaning of that pianopoe's purely individual creations; full of difficulties, in the overcoming of which and in interpreting the work as a whole Mr. Leonhard was most happy—at least so far as it depended upon him, for to the hearer, and possibly somewhat to the player, the latter portion was disturbed by the noisy manner in which some thoughtless people, having no music in their souls, bespoke especial attention to the important fact that they were leaving us. The *Scherzo* must be played again. The two pieces by Schumann were the best movements from a Sonata for violin and piano; very fine and characteristic. They too should be heard again.

CHRISTMAS ORATORIO. The Handel and Haydn Society of course gave us "The Messiah" (Sunday evening.) They always do that, as the year comes round, even if they do nothing more. And it is a good thing to do,—one of those good old conservative customs which has a meaning and beauty in it which the annual recurrences of a life-time cannot exhaust. It is the best thing our old Oratorio society can do at Christmas, until perhaps they shall be able also to bring out on some other evening in the same week the "Christmas Oratorio" (Cantata) of Sebastian Bach. It would be pleasant to compare them. But this time, if they gave us nothing new, they gave us Handel, that great work of his which most speaks to the common heart. They gave it for the first time with the Great Organ, grandly buoying up its massive choruses and filling in behind with its great wealth of harmony. They gave it with unusually full chorus seats, perhaps 350 voices, drilled with unusual pains; with the best orchestra that could here be raised; with good solo singers, with CARL ZERRAHN as conductor, and B. J. LANG as organist. There was an immense audience, at double the old price, so that every seat in the Hall, apparently, was filled.

Of the performance as a whole, it may be fairly said that there was a life and spirit in it which made it easier to overlook many defects. It was not the best achievement of the Society by any means, and it was far from being the worst. So far as the coöperation of the Organ went, it was a success; that made the choruses more ponderous and grand, and withal more brilliant, its hundreds of blended voices in each chord, with all its finely attuned "mixtures" and harmonies, being clearer, truer and more penetrating than the indifferent average of human organs. (To this advantage there was also possibly an offset, of which presently.) Some of the choruses, the great broad popular ones like "Hallelujah," went splendidly. Others, the more fugued, and fragmentary, full of points to be snatched up quickly now by this and now by that set of voices, went badly (such as "*He shall break their bonds asunder*"). We doubt not this was in a great measure owing to unaccustomedness in singing with the organ, as well as to the new location of the different bodies of the singers which the Organ has made necessary. The conductor stands far out in front of the organ; its tone reaches his ear an instant after the key is pressed down, so that the organist has to anticipate by just that instant. The pipes, according to the quarter where they are housed, arouse and bear off the singer in spite of the conductor's wand. The tenors, for instance, sit right against that side of the organ where all the strong pipes of the "great" organ, trumpets, cornet mixtures and all, leap out

aloud. There is general bewilderment; Conductors wonder that the Messrs. Tenors will still keep in advance; all but the most resolute, sure singers drop away for fear of doing mischief, leaving the burthen of the work in a great measure to the Organ. But these are difficulties which time and familiarity will remedy. It seems quite desirable that the Society should sing as often as possible in the new circumstances, till they feel at home in them. The same difficulty, it will be remembered, was once charged to the strangeness of the Music Hall itself, without the organ; time cured that.

There was fault too in the orchestra. They began out of tune, and several times were guilty of "an uncertain sound." But this sin they too might charge with reason on the Organ; it being awkward to adapt their instruments at once to its low pitch (the new French pitch) so effectually as to feel at home in it. Time will bring the remedy for this too.

A few words of the Solo Singers. Miss MARIA BRAINERD, of New York, new to a Boston audience, made, we are sure, a far better impression generally, and that too among quiet, sincere, earnest and not unexact music-lovers, than any one would infer from the newspaper criticisms of the next day. She has some sterling qualifications for an Oratorio singer, if not all, her voice is a clear, pure, true, sweet and powerful soprano, flexible and evenly developed, facile for running passages, as in "*Rejoice greatly*", and sustaining itself well in "*I know that my Redeemer*." She seemed to approach her task earnestly and conscientiously, and gave, as we have said, much pleasure. True, she has faults; there was too much of the false kind of *portamento*, or sliding from tone to tone; too much suggestion otherwise of opera or miscellaneous concert singing, rather than of the chaste and noble Oratorio style. Perhaps we might have found more of this at home; but can we not afford also to honor merit from abroad, such as we find it?

Mrs. CARY's contralto grows more and more rich and musical; her first air sounded to us a little dry and timid; but "*He was despised*" and the others made a deep impression: for there was feeling, style and finish in the rendering. Mr. WHEELER really deserves to have more power of voice, the quality of tone, the method, style, conception, spirit and expression are so good. He is an intelligent and conscientious artist. Nor is his power of voice by any means painfully inadequate even for the Music Hall. Such as it is, we had far rather have it with his style, than thrice as great without it. It is but fair to say that he did well with "*Thou shalt dash them*."

Mr. J. R. THOMAS, of New York, pleasantly remembered here, has remarkably even and clear execution in the bass songs, but the voice seemed rather dry and sympathetic,—perhaps owing to a cold.

NEW YEAR'S ORGAN CONCERTS, three of them, by Mr. MORGAN, ought to be mentioned next; but our space is gone, and all but mere mention must be postponed. They were highly successful. In two of them he had the aid of singers:—Mrs. KEMPTON, from New York, who comes back to us signally improved, a most satisfactory contralto; Miss HOUSTON, who won new honors, and Miss BRAINERD, to whose excellence in concert singing no one, we believe, took exception.

SACRED ORGAN CONCERT. Last Sunday evening Mr. PAINE and Dr. TUCKERMAN, with the aid of Mrs. KEMPTON and Miss HOUSTON, performed a very rich programme, only much too long, to the largest audience since the opening, and most patient and pleased listeners. But this too must lie over.

Mr. PARKER's Vocal Club sang Mendelssohn's "*Athalie*" and other choice selections to the delight of Chickering's Hall full of their friends last Monday evening. We hear it will be repeated, when we hope to have more room to speak of it.

ITALIAN OPERA. Max Maretzek, with his famous troupe, nearly all of them to us new singers, made a brilliant opening at the Boston Theatre on Monday evening in Petrella's "*Ione*." We have only room to say that "*Ione*" has at least the one great merit of being well constructed for dramatic effect, and that the singers made the most of it. Trace of originality or spark of genius in the music we could not detect. Hacknied *Norma* sounded new and noble after it. The singers were all distinguished by the dramatic quality—we hardly dare to say the finest kind of that quality, which is often most dramatic when it is most quiet—but by the demonstrative, strong, "effective" kind. They were mostly large, muscular, energetic persons, with large, powerful voices, and entered into their work with great abandon, sang and acted with all their might. This quality in the robust tenor, Sig. MAZZOLENI, a man of noble figure and bearing, was so in contrast with sweet-toned Brignoli's indifference, that he made one large class of the audience crazy with delight and commended himself not slightly to the rest. His voice has not a very pleasant quality, sounds forced and is afflicted with the *tremolo* (so were all their voices more or less, except the admirable baritone BELLINI, a true artist both as singer and actor); but he has large compass, good execution, sustained power on high notes, and is never wanting in the intensely dramatic. We heard him the next night in the first act of *Norma*, and are not sure that we ever heard that ungrateful scene of Pollione given better.

Mme. MEDORI for a prima donna has qualities to match. A large, richly developed soprano, fine execution, earnest fidelity to dramatic requirements, good declamation, no lack of tenderness sometimes, but best in the climaxes of passion. "*Casta Diva*" she sang too dramatically for our taste, but there were splendid points. Mlle. SULZER is a fresher, but a less finished and more timid singer, with a telling contralto, only slightly tremulous as yet, and won much favor. Signor BIACHI, although tremulous, is a noble basso. As we said, they all act well. The chorus is much larger and better than we ever had in opera; the orchestra uncommonly efficient, and the conductor, Sig. NUNO, a very able one. These are mere first impressions. Why be in a hurry to find singers great and to ascribe to them the rare gift of genius?

The Concert of the Quintette Club, the Organ Concert of the three brothers CARTER from Canada, divers Operas, &c., came too late for notice this week.

This evening Messrs. KREISSMANN, LEONHARD and EICHBERG give their third *Soirée*, with a splendid programme, as usual.

Music Abroad.

London.

The December musical journals describe the great organ recently placed in Doncaster Cathedral, by Schulze, regarded as a first-class sample of German organ-building, and containing nominally 94 stops, but really not so many, and not so great an instrument as that by Walcker, in our Music Hall.

The musical lectures of the new "Gresham Professor" are reported in full; the introductory will be found in another column.

The first Great Choral Meeting of the 1600 members of the London Division of the "Handel Festival Choir" had rehearsed "Jephtha" in Exeter Hall, Costa directing.

The "Monday Popular Concerts," at St. James's Hall, count up to No. 138, and they have only been established three or four years. Certainly a flourishing institution, and a most successful attempt to furnish classical music, rendered by first-class artists, to the people, at low prices. In the last concerts, young Lotto, the Bohemian violinist, till lately only known in the virtuoso, Paganini sort of music, has here been taking the lead in the first Quintet and the Septet of Beethoven, — Quartets of Beethoven and Haydn, and has played with Arabella Goddard a couple of Sonatas by Dussek. The famous lady pianist has also played a Solo Sonata by Mendelssohn, (his only composition of the kind), Weber's Sonata with clarinet (Lazarus) in E flat, Woelff's *Ne plus ultra* Sonata, and in Hummel's Septet. Schubert's B flat Sonata, No. 6, had the masterly interpretation of Charles Halle, who also played Mendelssohn's Second Trio with Lotto and Paque. Mr. Benedict conducted; other instrumental artists, a rich list, took part in the concerted pieces; and vocalists (Santley, Wilbye Cooper, Miss Emily Spiller, Renwick, Mme. Rudersdorf, Sims Reeves) sang selections from Benedict's *Richard Cœur de Lion*, from Handel's old opera *Estro*, songs by Bennett, Glinka, the Russian, Spohr, Henry Smart, Ardit, Gounod, &c.; Reeves sang Handel's "Deeper and deeper still," Mme. Rudersdorf Schubert's grand sacred song "Die Allmacht."

The "National Choral Society," under the direction of Mr. G. W. Martin, has opened its winter season in Exeter Hall with Handel's *Judas Maccabæus*; Mr. W. H. Cummings acquitting himself creditably in Sims Reeves's great tenor part, and Mlle. Parepa, Miss Palmer (the delightful contralto) and Mr. Santley ditto in the other parts. Mr. Martin, it seems, has taken a large body of fresh young voices, and has "done wonders in raising them in a short time from charity hymns and part-songs to oratorios."

English Opera is still experimented with and still discussed as warmly as ever. *Musical World* and *Athenæum* being agreed for once, at least on the subject of a *primo tenore*; the latter says of the last new opera by Balfe:

"Two adjectives will characterize Mr. Balfe's share in 'Blanche de Nevers' ('The Duke's Motto'). The music is weak and wearisome, and, like that of 'The Desert Flower,' has not a point (so far as we followed it) that dwells in remembrance. Mr. Balfe would seem to have taken leave of such freshness of melody as he possessed, some four years ago — otherwise in 'Satanella.' He writes now, moreover, with a negligence for the orchestra betokening a disregard of reputation not pleasant to meet. In brief, we can imagine any number of pages thus covered, with a solitary effort of fantasy, still less exercise of science. This, then, is a specimen of opera at a low ebb — scene succeeding to scene, ballad to ballad, some of them pretty in their own artificial way, but none having the slightest permanent value. What matter? A new Rossini could not be better received than Mr. Balfe has been throughout his long and prolific career. There is small chance now of his giving an earnest thought, and as little, it may be feared, any more gracious melody. In part, this habit of slack composition has been, doubtless, engendered by the circumstances under which it has been exercised. The Covent Garden composers might be called on to write by receipt; and this receipt, it is needless to add, enjoins peculiarities more marked than winning when the 'lion's share' of the music is to fall to the lot of a tenor, who is also manager, and, lastly, is Mr. Harrison. It is time plainly to say, that no great opera can be sung, that

no good opera can be written, when this star is in the ascendant. His voice, never pleasant, now requires management from note to note, is as often false as true, and has often three or four different qualities in its register. These faults cannot be carried off even by acting as careful and well-intentioned (if frequently over-conscious) as his, nor by an articulation meritoriously distinct, which has always placed him apart from most of his comrades. There can be no good opera written in which this gentleman has to be measured for the principal serious and sentimental tenor part. We would gladly have been spared the necessity of saying this; but season goes after season, and opera by receipt after opera by receipt: in England's present musical plight, we ought to have some better theatrical story to tell. Let us add, as a matter of justice, that Mr. Harrison acts adroitly in this difficult double part."

New operas by Mr. Harry Leslie and by Mr. Benedict are said to be in preparation; and *Punch* says:

We are happy to be able to state that the prospects of English Opera are as brilliant as ever, and that a series of new works is in course of preparation. Mr. Wallace is engaged upon a libretto founded on the *Ticket of Leave Man*; to be followed by a new opera by Mr. Balfe, founded on *Leah*; to be followed by a new opera by Mr. Wallace, founded on *Miriam's Crime*; to be followed by a new opera by Mr. Balfe, founded on *Bel Demonio*; to be followed by a new opera by Mr. Wallace, founded on *Manfred*; to be followed by a new opera by Mr. Balfe, founded on *The Ghost*; to be followed by a new opera by Mr. Wallace, founded on *Cool as a Cucumber*; to be followed by a new opera by Mr. Balfe, founded on the *Irish Tiger*. Other new works by the same eminent composers, and based on subjects judiciously selected from the current playbills, are talked of, and it is truly gratifying to look backwards and forwards and watch the progress of English musical art.

Jullien (the younger), like his great exemplar, keeps up great "monster" promenade concerts, at Her Majesty's Theatre, frequently giving a "Mendelssohn night," a "Beethoven night," &c. Camillo Sivori's violin has turned up in these concerts. Vieuxtemps has concluded his tour in England, with Carlotta Patti, and gone to Paris, soon to return and lead in the "Monday Populars."

Winter Concerts, under Mr. Manns, are given in the Crystal Palace. At the fifth, they had Mozart's Symphony in B flat, No. 11; Beethoven's E flat Concerto with Miss Agnes Zimmermann for pianist, who also played pieces by Taubert and Paner; and Mendelssohn's *Hebriden* overture. Strange to say, an Italian singer, Signor Marchesi, sang a recitative and air from Sebastian Bach's Cantata: *Der Zufriedenstellte Äolus*, "with good voice and still better feeling." Also Miss Parepa sang: "What shall I sing?" (Benedict) "Daughter of Denmark," (Brinley Richards), &c. Madame Arabella Goddard was engaged for the next time.

LEIPZIG. — At the 7th Subscription Concert in the Gewandhaus, a new Symphony in A, by Judasohn, was performed. Dr. Gunz, from the Royal Opera, Hanover, sang Boieldieu's air: "Komm, o holde Dame," from *La Dame Blanche*; "Gott, welch' ein Dunkel hier," from *Fidelio*; Schubert's "Frühlingsstraum," and Wüllner's: "Nicht mit Engeln;" adding, in obedience to the general desire of the audience, Schubert's "Horch, horch, die Lerch;" Spohr's E minor concerto; Vieuxtemps' "Rêverie;" and Paganini's "Perpetuum mobile" were played by Harr Auer, who met with a very gratifying reception on this, his first appearance at these concerts. Beethoven's *Leonore* overture, No. 3, was performed in a masterly manner by the orchestra. A selection of chamber music was given at the third concert of the Euterpe Association, the principal artists being Herr Ehrlich, and Herren D. Ahna, and Espenhahn, from Berlin. The concert began with Herren A. Rubinstein's B flat major trio (Op. 52). This was followed by Beethoven's Romance, in G major, for violin, Bach's "Toccatà" in D minor, and Mendelssohn's Variations in D major, for violoncello and piano-forte. — The programme of the eighth Gewandhaus Concert included symphony in G minor, Mozart; "Ner Sturon," for chorus and orchestra, J. Haydn; Concerto, in G major, for the pianoforte, Beethoven (played by Mad. Clara Schumann); overture to *Genoëza*, R. Schumann; "Variations sérieuses" for the pianoforte, Mendelssohn (played by Mad. Clara Schumann); and the Thirteenth Psalm for chorus and orchestra, Woldemar Bargiel (first time of performance, the composer conducting).

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